THE MISTAKE OF TWO OHIO RIVER GAMBLERS.

One Man Saw the Trick Quickly and Got Out, but Three Others Were Slow to Recognize It - When They Did See

It There Was a Sharp Reckoning. "There may be parts of the country where they play cards on the boats and railroad cars nowadays as fiercely as they used to twenty years ago," said the gray-haired, roung-looking man, "but if haven't happened to travel thereabouts for a long time past. I don't pretend to say what the reason is, but I haven't seen gambling in public to any extent for years and There is certainly more poker played than there was, but it isn't played

so openly The last game I happened to see played for important money in a public place was in '77 or '78, on one of the Ohio River boats, and the way I came near being engaged in the game and in the very serious difficulty that followed the game gave me a lesson that I never forgot.

"Coming north from Alabama I had followed the old Nashville and Louisville route, and not being in haste had taken the boat for Cincinnati as soon as I reached the river, in preference to the cars. I wasn't looking for excitement or adventure, particularly, but there was always the possibility on the river boats in those days and I was young enough then to enjoy anything of the sort when it came my way. and, anyhow, the boats were pleasanter

'At Nashville a pleasant-looking man about 40 years old came into the smoking our and took a seat beside me with a courterus word of apology that opened the way for a conversation, and long before reached Louisville we were chatting like old friends. He was no ordinary man That was evident in a dozen ways; but just what he had been, or rather what he had not been in the course of his life was not so easily determined He had certainly travelled all over the country, for he knew every town and city that I mentioned as well or better than I did. And he had done about all that was worth doing if his talk was any proof. Certainly, he was well educated and socially he proved to be as charming a man as I ever met. Handsome well dressed and well groomed, he would have been noticeable in any ordinary group of men, and a pleasanter travelling companion I never met

"It was, therefore, with considerable antisfaction that I learned of his intention to take the local also when we reached the river. I can't say I had really reached that stage at which he could have played a confidence game on me but I was certainly impressed very strongly, and had pretty well forgotten the suspicion I always entertain regarding casual smoking casual stronger. always entertain regarding casual smooting-car acquaintances. One thing that strengthened my good opinion of him was his refusal to join in a game of cards that was started in the car soon after he entered. "I like to play cards," he said to me, after he had refused the invitation, and I "I like to play cards, he said to me, after he had refused the invitation, and I had followed his example, 'and I'm not above playing for money on occasions, but I have no liking for playing with strangers. They are starting a harmless game of euchre over there, but I'll bet you the eigars they'll be gambling in half an hour.' As it proved, he was right, and his smile, as he claimed the eigar seemed, somehow, to be a guarantee of his superiority to the average travelling man.

somehow, to be a guarantee of his superi-ority to the average travelling man.

"We had hardly stepped aboard the boat when he was cordially greeted by an acquaintance whom he introduced to me as Capt. Dupont, and I noticed that Dupont addressed my new friend, who had given his name to me as McMurtrie, by the title of Major. There was nothing surprising about that, for the woods were full of military men in those days, and they both leaked as if they might have served either army in the war that was fresher in our memories then than it is now. It was too near the border to ask any ques-

was too near the border to ask any questions, even then, but I somehow got the notion that they were both ex-Confederates. "Dupont had three friends with him, or perhaps they were only acquaintances, and he introduced them. I remember one's name was Smith, and he looked like a prosperous country merchant, but the other names I have forgotten. We all adjourned to the little barroom of the boat and had a round or two of drinks, after which Dupont lost no time in announcing that he had engaged a large staterson and that his party was about to start a little game of poker. 'Nothing dangerous,' he said with a laugh. 'Only a dollar limit, to pass the time, and as six is a better number than four around a poker table, we'd be charmed if you and your friend would join us."

poker table, we'd be charmed it you and your friend would join us.

"MoMurtrie answered without giving me time to reply, that for his part he would be glad to play. What his friend might be glad to play. What his friend might desire, turning to me, he could not say. It flashed over me then that our recent chat in the smoking car was very applicable to the present situation, and that if the two were really gamblers they could hardle have contributed a better scheme. hardly have contrived a better scheme to catch suckers, but I liked the company, they all appeared to be gentlemen, I liked to play, and a dollar limit didn't seem very dangerous so I responded readily enough by saying that I'd like to play a little while, though I was likely to drop out if the game got too flerce. The suspicion was awak-eaed, but I felt enough confidence in my-self to think I could keep out of mischief if any came, and there did not seem to be any real cause for apprehension.

"One of the beauties of the game of

poker, sir, said Capt. Dupont with great courtesy, is that a man can always drop out of it when he feels inclined without the slightest compunction. So with a little more desultory chat we made our way to his stateroom and the game began without delay.

way to his stateroom and the game began without delay.

"It is almost second nature with me to look for signs of trickery around the table when I play poker, no matter who is in the game, and I was particularly vigilant on this occasion, knowing absolutely nothing about any one of the five men I was playing against, but I am bound to say that I as w nothing in the least degree irregular for the first half hour. It was a pleasant game played with the utanest good humor all around, and though I quickly recognized the fact that they were all first-rate players, nobody seemed particularly anxious to win It really seemed as if it were, as Dupont had said, a game to pass the time

and said, a game to pass the time

"There had been several well-contested hands, and a number of the surprises in the way of backy draws that make poker interesting, but nobedy had won or lost more than (wenty or twenty-five dollars, when I happened to we, or thought I saw

more than twenty or twenty-five dollars, when I happened to see, or thought I saw a peculiar glance from McMurtrie to Dupont as they were drawing cards. "It was McMurtrie's deal and it was a jackpot that Smith had opened. There was about three dollars in the pot when he opened it for a dollar. McMurtrie, having next say, came in That made five to one in the betting for me, as I sat next, with a prospect of one, two or three more coming in, so, having a four flush. I took chances on the dollar. The next two men stayed out, and Dupont three in his blue chip. Nobody having raised, the draw was in order and it was as I called for one card Nobody having raised, the draw was in order and it was as I cailed for one card that I thought I saw this signal from the dealer. It was enough, at any rate, to set me thinking, and, having thrown out my dispared. I let my cards be face down, not looking at the draw for the moment. My thought was that I had probably drawn a spade, filling my flush, and that Dupont would raise when it came to him to play, and that McMurtrie was going to win the part. It was a bunch, pure and simple, but I resolved to play it.

"Dupont drew three cards. Smith three-raid McMurtrie two. Of course, in ordinary play I wouldn't have been alraid of any one of them if that fifth card of mitr was a spade. As it was however, I was sure I wasn't in it. Smith, baving opened, three

chipped along, saying. I don't feel like raising this right under a one card draw, but I may have bettered my three little ones at that. And he, too, let his draw lie face down on the table.

"That was a good cue for me, and I let my hand lie, saying. You may have threes, and if you have my two pairs are no good unless I've bettered, but I'll just chip siong and wait for the Captain to raise. I believe he's going to.

and wait for the Captalo to raise. I believe he's going to.

"I was watching both men at once, as
well as I could from where I sat, and I
thought McMurtrie looked puzzled for a
moment, and that Dupont looked surprised.
However, McMurtrie smiled a little as if
he had decided that I was trying to disguise my hand, and Dupont, after skinning
his hand down very slowly and carefully,
said. That's just what I'm going to do,
and pushed up a white chip and a dollar.

"That brought it back to Smith, and of
course he picked up his hand and studied
it. As we afterward found out, he had
three aces, and deciding that it was a good
place for him to raise, he boosted it a dollar.
McMurtrie's play then was worth watching.
He picked up his hand and looked at it carefully. If I hadn't suspected him by this
time pretty strongly I would have sworn
he was disappointed. As it was I decided
that he wanted us to think he was disappointed. He made a very slow play, but
at length said: "I reckon I'll trail. Three
cards are too good to drop." And he made
good.

"By this time I was positive that Dupont

By this time I was positive that Dupont would raise back, and that McMurtric was waiting for Smith to weaken before begin-ning a see-saw. I had therefore no interest waiting for Smith to weaken before begin-ning a see-saw. I had therefore no interest left in my flush, but I booked at my cards to see if I had it. It was a flush all right, but I threw it in the discard, saying: 'This is no place for two pairs' Sure enough, raised again, Smith came back at him. McMurtrie trailed again, Dupont raised again, Smith made good, figuring that he had played three aces hard enough, and McMurtrie raised

\*Dupont raised again and the see-say as fairly started. Smith saw a couple raises more, being carried off his feet to the play that was unexpected to him, t he had sense enough to throw down hand after a little and as soon as he had so Dupont called. I had expected to se him surrender when Smith did so, but recken that he thought that would look ad, so he called. He had three tens and

"There was no proof of anything wrong in all this, but I felt that I had had enough. I was intending to play one or two hands more, just to avoid the appearance of quitting from chagrin, when Smith gave me

the excuse I wanted.

"If we had been playing table stakes," he said, not as if angry or sore at all but in an argumentative way. I would have stood a good show of winning that pot. I move, gentlemen, that we make this table stakes." "No one spoke for a moment, then one after another said: 'I have no objection,' till they had all agreed excepting me. I couldn't have had a better chance to retire couldn't have had a better chance to retire gracefully, so I said: 'I don't care to play any harder, as I said when I came in, but I certainly don't propose to interfere with your play, so I'll cash in,' and I did.
'I remained in the room, however, locking on with the expectation of seeing something, of more than ordinary interesting.

thing of more than ordinary interest, and presently it came.

They began the new game with \$25 They began the new game with \$25 apiece which was no very startling increase over what we had been playing, but it was not fifteen minutes before two men had put in \$25 more apiece. Then Dupont declared \$50 more in and Smith followed with another \$50 and one of the two outsiders declared \$100, for the play was getting fast. One after another went broke on fairly good hands and came in with more money till there must have them within an hour more than \$1,000. with more money till there must have been within an hour more than \$1,000

been within an hour on the table.
"To this day I have not an idea as to playing with marked whether they were playing with marked cards, or whether McMurtrie was an excards, or whether McMurtrie was an ex-tremely clean sleight-of-hand performer, but it wasn't long before I was certain of two things. First, there was a thorough understanding between the two players, and secondly, McMurtrie at least, had a pretty clear idea of what hands were out whenever it came his turn to deal. With those two points of advantage it was not hard to foressee that the other three players

"The two gamblers seemed to rely prin-cipally on the see-saw system which was cipally on the see-saw system which was not so generally understood in those days not so generally understood in those days as it is now. I don't mean that it wasn't used. Probably it has been in vogue as long as gamblers have played poker, but the unsophisticated, even among good players, were not so generally posted on it as they are now, and were more likely to play against it. In this party Smith and the other two appeared two or three times to be puzzled, but they seemed to me to be curiously unsuspicious for a long time. Perhaps it was because the two partners varied their play very cleverly. Sometimes one would trail along once or twee as McMurtrie did in the last hand I played, and then raise suddenly, and sometimes they would raise back and forth without apparently taking their victim into account. Sometimes one would call the other after the third man was disposed and sometimes one would lay down, and sometimes one would lay down. An an in his lifetime. In one of the states where the Governor is supremented there are a remarkable case in other lates where the down the follows where the covernor is supremented the states where the Governor is suprem Sometimes one would trail along once or twice as McMurtrie did in the last hand I played, and then raise suddenly, and sometimes they would raise back and forth without apparently taking their victim into account. Sometimes one would call the other after the third man was disposed of, and sometimes one would lay down, but one way and another they played the trick a dozen or more times before Smith broke loose. When he did the row came. There was a jackpot which Dupont opened, right under the guns. Smith came in and McMurtrie raised it \$10. One of the others dropped and one made good. Dupont made it twenty more to play and Smith made good. Seeing that he was hooked McMurtrie trailed and so did the other player. It made a good pot.

On the draw Dupont took two cards, and Smith took one. McMurtrie stood pat, and the other man took two. Dupont beta white chip, and Smith, who had drawn to a four straight flush and had filled an acc flush, chipped along. McMurtrie raised it \$20, and the other man dropped out. He had stayed on three sixes, but wouldn't bet them against a pat hand. Dupont raised it twenty, and

a pat hand. Dupont raised it twenty, and Smith trailed. Then McMurtrie raised again. and Dupont made it twenty more. Smith looked at his flush sort of despairingly and threw it down, upon which McMurtrie also

"As soon as the five cards had left his

laid down:

"As soon as the five cards had left his hand Smith grabbed them and turned them over, while Dupont showing down three kings was reaching for the pot. McMurtrie's hand was a pair of sevens. He was instantly in a towering rage and with a furious oath demanded to know what right Smith had to look at his cards.

"Well, said Smith, with a most offensive drawl. I ain't got any right, according to the rules o' poker. I know that as well as you do. But we ain't playing poker here or at least you ain't. That play o' yours wan't even an hongst bluff. You was only bettin' between you to whipsaw me out. If you'd been a-bluffin' you wouldn't ha' throwed down the minute you got me out o' the betting, an' you know it, damn you.

"That sort of talk means only one thing, under the circumstances, and McMurtrie's gun was half out of his pocket before Smith was half through, but with a motion quicker than his Smith had drawn a wicked-looking than his Smith had drawn a wicked-looking the control of the table and howie from somewhere under the table and had it at McMurtrie's throat before McMurtrie could get the drop. And he finished his little speech without the slightest haste or apparent excitement, while McMurtrie sat glaring at him, but realizing his help-

Duront had started to draw at the same who sat next to him had granted in a name and with a motion that I have seen policemen use two or three times had twisted it around behind Dupont's back and turned it upward till Dupont was thrown forward on his face, writhing in pain. The other man sat still, grinning, and I did not feel called on to take any part in the proceed-

called on to take any part in the processings.

Now, Jake, said Smith, after he had looked McMurtrie in the face for some seconds as if waiting for some answer, but getting none, if you'll kindly appropriate that bank and divide it up according to what each man put in I reckon we'll heave these two gentlement to play by themselves. We've just about had enough.

That seems to be fair, said Jake, who was the one who had sat still looking on, and without further add he took over the

PARDONING POWER A BURDEN

GOVERNORS WHO HOLD IT SOLELY WISH THEY DID NOT.

Easy, Maybe, to Pardon, Hard to Refuse One Woman Has Been Twenty Years Appealing to Governors to Release Her Non -One Story of Restored Citizenship

One of the hardest parts of the work that falls to the Governor of a State is that which has to do with commutation of sentences and pardons. No matter what a man's crime may have been, no matter how outrageous the felony for which he is suffering punishment was, there is no criminal who has not sufficient influence to get up a petition for pardon, and to obtain the signatures of many men who are of good standing in the community in which the criminal lived. Usually an easy matter to induce several of the men who served on the jury to sign the petition and in many cases the prosecuting officers and even the Judges will join in efforts to bring about the release by the pardoning power of men who have been tried fairly and condemned justly under the laws of the land In some States the Legislatures have

taken the view that the power and the responsibility of pardoning were too great to be lodged in the hands of any one man and what are known as "pardoning boards' are a part of the State government. It is safe to say that no Governor who had the power and the responsibility of pardoning would pick a quarrel with the Legislature that took it from him and put it in he hands of a board. In Massachusetts the power is in the hands of the Governor's Council, an elective body that curbs the power of the Executive in several directions. New Jersey has a Board of Pardons and there are several other States that have followed this example. In this State the Governor is supreme; and the power has been found by many of the Governors to be one that they did not want at all.

No murderer goes to the electric chair

before his counsel has made a last appea to the highest power. When the person to be punished for murder is a woma the Governor's task becomes doubly hard though the opponents of capital punish ment are always willing to take up the cause of any person condemned to death. It will be remembered that Gov. Roosevel was assailed most bitterly for refusing to commute the sentence of Mrs. Ida Place to imprisonment for life. No one questioned the justice of her conviction, and the law was that she should die, but the Governor was appealed to by men and women all over the country to override the courts and the law. He refused and said that if the people did not like the law they could have it changed: the same ground that he took when he was a Police Commissioner and was asked not to er force the liquor laws. In the Place case the Governor was sustained by the bulk of the public and the threats that were made at the time that he would be pursued through life by the men who wanted to have the sentence changed were never carried out. Nor was there any unusual agitation for the abolition of the death agitation for the abolition of the deat penalty after the execution of the woman. Many remarkable applications are made to Governors for pardons and for the re-toration of citizenship, which is one of the penalties that follow conviction of lelony. This loss of rights that are take for granted by honest men is one of the things most hard to bear. A man can not vote, cannot hold office and can neve not vote, cannot hold office and can never take his place among his fellow citizens, no matter how upright his life may be after his release from prison. It was the dying wish of John Y. McKane that he might he restored to citizenship before his death; and while he was dying an appeal was made to the Executive. It was unsuccessful, and McKane died stripped of the rights that he had held in so slight account in his lifetime.

In one of the States where the Governor is supreme there arese a remarkable case

so, and that she would do nothing to aid a man who was in jail. When the convict learned this he went to work to serve his sentence without appealing for commutation or for parcion. He became trusty, earned time for his good behavior and was liberated before he was expected out by any of the men who had known him. Instead of breaking down in prison, as many men do he left the walls in good health and set out to a new part of the State, resolved to redeem the past by an upright life thereafter.

to a new part of the State, resolved to redeem the past by an upright life thereafter. No one knew him in his new home, and he made a moderate fortune and rose to a high place in the life of the community in which he lived.

Soon after he arrived he was asked to join one of the political parties in the town, but he refused, having made up his mind not to attempt to evade any part of the consequences of his crime. He told the men who asked him to join them in public matters that he did not have the time, consequences of his crime. He tool the men who asked him to join them in public matters that he did not have the time, that he took no interest, that he was not well enough acquainted with public matters to act with intelligence on them; and he sought in every way to have them cease their solicitations. They kept at him, without any idea of his real reason for refusing. The pressure became so great and his repeated refusals made so many enemies for him that he was obliged to tell one or two men what his predicament was. They endeavored to sheld him from the others, but their efforts were useless. Ten years ago this man was asked to make application to the Governor of his State for a restoration of his rights. He declined to do so, saving that he had offended and that he was willing to hear the penalty. Then the efforts of his friends were directed to an attempt to get him to change his evind. For years he was deaf to what they to an attempt to get him to change his

that the appeal be made. He wrote to the Governor of the State a letter that gave that official a lump in his throat. The con-vict cold of the nights be had spent awake. of the tears he had shed, of the lies that he had been forced to tell. He admitted his crime, and said that all he could ask for was mercy, for his guilt was a fact and his punishment had been deserved. His letter was accompanied by letters of the mea who knew his story, and they all said that who knew his story, and they all said that he was a good citizen and a worthy member of society, and had been for twenty years. In his own letter the man said that he wished to conceal nothing from the Governor and that if he was restored his beliefs would make it necessary for him to oppose the party that had elected the Governor. A short investigation showed that all that had been said for the man was true, and he was restored to citizenship at once. He is now a party worker in the party which

is opposing the man who pardoned him. When it was announced that he was going to take an active part in the politics of the town that he lived in one man was picked out as the man who had caused him to awaken to his duties, and that man has been also because it his carrie were since thought was that I had probably drawn a spade, filling my flush, and that Dupont would raise when it came to him to play by themselves. We've just about had consumb.

That seems to be fair, said Jake, who the seems and simple, but I resolved to play it.

That seems to be fair, said Jake, who the limit was a new who hat still looking on, and without further also be took over the bank from Dupont and handed each man his construct two. Of course, it ordinary long of them if that fifth courd of miles were arrested and sentenced to lock my from the three arose and lock mere to them. If the more seems to the first mere to the seems the seems to be fair said Jake, who the seems to be fair said Jake, w

she has been a regular visitor at the capital ever since her son was convicted. She seems to think, although the Governors who have had the chair in that time have never given her any cause of hope, that some day she will be successful in her application; and one ex-Governor of the State of New York has said that of all the acts that he had to perform during his term none gave him so much pain as to refuse the request of this old and worn woman.

Every "respectable thief"—that is, every man who had a good social position before his conviction—has friends who think that the punishment of such a man should be the punishment of such a man should be the punishment of such a man should be the second of the second o the punishment of such a man should be lessened in comparison with that of those who have been in humbler walks of life. The argument is made frequently that a man accustomed to refined surroundings receives in a short term of imprisonment as much punishment as one accustomed to less attractive things about him at home in a long term.

less attractive things about him at home in a long term.

Criminologists do not share this view, and the fact that a man has been in good social circumstances rarely aids him in getting a pardon, for the men who have the power to pardon usually take the ground that a man who had all of the advantages of a refined home and what goes with it is less exposed to temptation, better fitted to resist it and, therefore, more to be blamed for a criminal act than one who has no advantages. Such men seldom make any reformation while in prison; while cases in which men who had had no social advantages have been turned out with the vantages have been turned out with the principles of honest living apparently effectually instilled into them are not so rare that they cause any comment amo

one that they cause any comment among students of these matters.

One thing that those who have to do with the granting of pardons have given up trying to understand is the mental attitude of men who, after sitting on a jury and convicting a man, who deserves no mercy, will turn about and sign an application. cation for a pardon, and in some cases argue for it. In one case that came before argue for it. In one case that came before
the Board of Pardons of a neighboring
State recently a juryman made the principal argument for the granting of the
pardon. It was opposed by another juryman, who stated to the board that the man
who had appeared in favor of it had made a speech in the jury room in which he had said that the accused was one to whom no man with a heart in him could show any

Judges rometimes sign applications for pardons because of new and extenuating circumstances that have become known to them in confidence; a Judge learns many things in confidence. Sometimes, too, the rules of evidence bar testimony that would make the justification seem greater and this is considered by the Judges. Then some Judges are good-natured and don't like to say no. All of the things that in-fluence Judges influence public prosecutors. But no man can tell what a juryman will do.

SENSES OF THE CHINESE.

indeveloped Faculties That Stand in the Way of Their Civilization. From the North China Herald.

Chinese civilization has been affirmed and denied with equal vigor. There are those who see in the teaching of Confucius and the practice of his pupils something higher than the more spiritual doctrine of Christ is ever likely to produce; there are others who deny to China all right or itle to civilization or culture. Between these two extremes, truth lies.

We propose to approach the question from the physical side. Thought, imagination, mental and moral considerations every kind are to be put aside and questions asked and answered by the body itself What are its tastes, its likes and dislikes How does it demean itself so far as its sense are concerned? What is it stage of development? Every individual man has gone through in his own experience the whole chapter of evolutionary history What delights to-day; he has outlived them If we were to take him back to his childgood, or, better still, take note of his own little one, what do we find with regard to his sense of hearing for example? the chief characteristic a love of noise? Does he not revel in the boom of cannon the crackle of fireworks, the clash of cym bals and the roll of drums? And have we not at every celebration of the Chinese New Year proof that the native, so far as his Year proof that the native, so far as his auditory sensations are concerned, has not got beyond the stage of European childhood? Does he not shut himself up for hours at a stretch and hammer away at an orchestra composed entirely of gongs, cymbals and tom-toms? And would it not be utterly impossible for him to do anything of the kind had his evolution reached the stage of the European?

So with color. There are symptoms of a higher development of the eye than of the ear in China. Exquisite shades of silks, beautiful tints of porcelain, and an unerring eye for scenery—witness the position

ing eye for scenery witness the position of scores of Buddhist temples are proofs of scores of Buddhist temples are proofs that the Chinese race are advancing in the asthetic culture of the organ of sight. But having said so much, we have said all. Where is China is the beauty perceivable in a European city? Where is there an attempt at street architecture? Why do so many hundreds of natives offend the eye with the inconformity of colors in their dress? Where is European cleanliness to be found in house and home? There is none. In discrimination of vision, as is none. In discrimination of vision, as well as in hearing, the Chinese are behind the peoples of the West. Evil sights do not offend them.

It is hardly necessary to draw attention

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to their deficiency in the olfactory sensations, except where disinfectants are employed. It is a curious fact that the Chinese who will bear, apparently in happy unconsciousness, the foulest exhalations of decaying animal or vegetable matter, are sensitive to the smell of carbolic acid, which as a rule they cordially dislike. Most foreign residents in China find the protection of a handkerchief an absolute necessity when passing even through a village, but the native is so impervious to odors of the Eastern type as to be quite ignorant that there is anything amiss.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(Copyright, 1901, by E. A. Roeburk.) Mr. Emley was a burglar. He was, however, a select burgiar, an artist in the profession. On a very dark night in March several years ago, he walked up the front stairs of the finest house in Circletown. The house had been sold a few weeks before to a gentieman in France. and Mr. Emley's reasons for visiting the

and Mr. Emey's reasons for visiting the place before its owner returned from abroad were known only to himself.

He was a cool man, never taken unawares, prepared for any situation which might present itself, and if on that dark night he was surprised to see the door before him suddenly open, no one would have guessed it. Certainly the servant on the inside of the threshold did not. He started back in dismay believing it to be started back in dismay believing it to be his new and unknown master who stood confronting him.
"Good evening," said Mr. Emley, raising

his hat. Wh-h-hy we didn't expect you for several days yet, sir," stammered

"Indeed."
And nothing is ready sir, but if you will come in, we can fix up something."
Mr. Emley stepped into the hall and the servant turned on the electric lights.
A sumptuously furnished room was revealed, a servant in correct uniform, and a tall brown-eyed gentleman of about as. He were a tan overcoat and high silk hat, and carried an alligator dressing case. The servant was greatly impressed with these evident proofs of gentility. He spoke reverently. spoke reverently.

The side room with the bay window is nearest ready, sir. If you would care

o go in there "It will do very nicely," said Mr. Emley "It will do very nicely," said Mr. Emley.
"I should have let you know I was coming,
but really the idea never occurred to me.

The side room was eminently satisfactory. It was exactly the kind of a room
that Mr. Emley had eften, with pangs
of envy, seen other men sleep in. To sleep
in one himself had seemed an impossible
dream, but it was fast assuming a reality
that charmed him. dream, but it was fast assuming a reality that charmed him. "Would you like something to eat, sir?" suggested the servant.

"Jenkinson, sir."

"Tranks. If you have something to drink, Jenkinson? It is a trifle raw outdoors. And by the way, has there any mail come for me lately?"

This was an excellent stroke of diplomacy on Mr. Emley's part. He was anxious to know who he was. The address on the envelope would tell him.

to know who he was. The address on the envelope would tell him.

"A letter came a week ago, sir, but we forwarded it immediately to Paris."

"I must have missed it. How was it address?" How was it F. I. Smith, The Grange, Circle-

town, Ill., sir I think it was an adver-"Probably. I'll take the lunch here And perhaps something now?" "Yes, sir. 'Twill be ready in a few min-

The servant departed and Mr. Emley gazed about with a fast swelling air of "Dick, old boy," he said to himself, "it Dick, old boy, he said to himself. "It isn't exactly what you come for, but it'll do. It's your infernal luck again, old man, and if you're asleep I don't care, but if you wake up I'll never forgive you."

When the luncheon was finished and the servant was about to retire Mr. Emley called to him.

"Jenkinson" Be sure and lock every hing up securely. I have been told that jurglars are very daring in this part of the

son. "There's no telling what they'll do next. But it'll be a mighty cold day when they get ahead of me, sir." "It is rather chilly to-night," observed

"It is rather chilly to-night," observed Mr Emley. Ty noon the next day the whilom master had in a large degree overcome the strangeness of his situation. He no longer had an almost ungovernable impulse to gather to his bosom all the silver on the sideboard, and noiselessly flit through the nearest window. But it was still a novelty to step out of the front door in full sight of the servants and enjoy the view from the porch without being driven to the extremity of drawing a revolver or taking to his heels. It was a delight to his artistic nature to sit in the drawing room and cut the pages of the latest magnaine with a gold-handled ivery paper knife, replacing the knife on the table when through with it. I must admit livery paper knife, replacing the knife on the takle when through with it. I must admit he made this latter experiment several times before successfully accomplishing it, and in spite of his earnest endeavors his pockets were soon filled with a collection of small valuables. However, his environment was having a good effect upon his moral nature.

ment was having a good moral nature.

"I would be an honest man were I in realty Mr. Smith," he told himself, running his hand caressingly over a jewelled sabre hilt that hung in the hall.

But the sabre hilt held strong attractions and Mr.

not consistent with moral reform, and Mr. Emley strolled out of doors and down the gravel path toward the wrought-iron entrance gates. Through the gates came a messenger boy with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Good afternoon, my little man," said Mr. Good afternoon, sir, said the boy You have a message? Who for?

"You have a message? Who for?"
"Mr. Jenkinson, sir."
"Yes? Well, I'll take it. I have charge of everything here and will know just where to find Mr. Jenkinson should he not be at Mr. Emley coolly appropriated the mes-

Mr. Emley coolly appropriated the message and the messenger's book. After signing the book he gave the boy a quarter and sent him away happy.

"Now I wonder, said Mr. Emley, "who this is from?"

He turned the message round and round in the brilliant sunlight, but no answer to his question shone forth.

"If I were in reality Mr. Smith I'd take this to Jenkinson, but as I am not

this to Jenkinson, but as I am not Mr Emley tore open the envelope. The message was from Paris and read: Bad accident Return in a mont

we consider a considerations in the second colors of the Eastern type as to be quite ignorant that there is anything amass. In the development of the olfactory nerves, therefore, it would seem that the native is even behind the youngest of foreign children, who at quite an early age resent anything offensive in that respect.

Closely connected with smell is taste. Here again, the Chinese cannot claim any very high standard. There are some things they cook admirably, and some of their flavors and sauces are of high order. But as every householder knows, these things of higher promise have to be bull-anced against others, against viands which at times seent the whole neighborhood. Traces of this stage remain among ourselves in the taste for 'high' game, Limburger choese, and the like Coming lastif to the sense of feeling, we find a paradoxical state of affairs, with natives whose sense of touch is as nice as the of the most cultured European, and with others who will bear the severess surgical operations without flinching We know of an operation for the removal of a finger nail which was done without any help from an ansastheties. Our surgeons could tell end-less stories of the like kind. At one time this power to bear was put down to fortific high, but the more probable explanation is a less sensitive nerveue organization. Is there is anything to be learned from this power to bear was put down to fortific high, but the more probable explanation is a less sensitive nerveue organization. Is there is anything to be learned from this power to bear was put down to fortific high promptings of their nature as it is, and shall we not be making a grave error if we try to force upon them with too grant sind demands a kind of evillastion for which as yet they are not adapted?

The Ecter Erudite.

The Ecter Erudite.

almost every large city in the country, and walked through the bailroom with head bolt record area.

It was thus that she first saw him.

"Who is that?" she inquired of a friend.

"Where?" (th. that is Mr Smith of The

looking up with earnest eyes.
A sweet, pretty little creature. Lormer, looking up with earnest eyes. She was a sweet, pretty little creature, with a delicate oval face filled with childish

innocence and purity.

Mr. Smith felt uncomfortable Fortunately, though, his conscience didn't trouble him much. Kate, the warbler, used to say he didn't have any conscience, but then, of course, that was absured.

"It all depends upon what you call long." he said, evasively replying to Miss Lor-

mer's question.

He asked her to dance, and was charmed He asked her to dance, and was charmed with her conversation and manner. They danced together several times as was noticed, and remarked upon by the eagle-eyed matrons. Miss Lormer's dancing was beyond criticism, and she had an artless way of accompanying her statements with an appealing, upward glance that made Mr. Smith's brain whirl. He lured her into the conservatory, but when he made Mr. Smith's brain whirt. He lured her into the conservatory, but when he had found a divan small enough for two, she became deeply interested in the mys-terious arrangement of a tea rose she held in her hand. Mr. Smith adored her shy imidity, and ambitiously planned to get possession of the rose; but he was trained

o patience.
"It is strange I have not met you before,"
ne murmured, laying his arm on the back
of the seat, and looking at the brown curls

of the said.

I just came from New York last night.

Have you been here long?

The earnest eyes were uplifted, and
Mr. Smith was glad he could tell the

ruth. No. only two weeks." How dull it must seem to you after Paris, especially as you have no rela-tives here, nor any one you know very

"I do not find it dull now," he said, The gray eyes drooped, and the petals of the rose were cruelly mutilated. There was silence for a while.

"Are you going to make your home permanently at The Grange?" asked Miss Lormer, breaking the speaking still-

"Well, I can hardly tell yet," said Mr. Smith. "It all depends on circum-

Yes But at present I haven't the slightest intention of leaving "You came rather unexpectedly, did you not?"

Yes. It has never been my custom to herald my movements from the housetops."
Well, said Miss Lormer, rising and brushing the flower to the ground: "I hope you weren't disappointed in your expecta-

"I did not imagine that anything could have so far exceeded them," replied Mr. Smith, picking up the rose and pressing

Smith, picking up the rose and pressing it to his lips.

They were constantly meeting after this, and although Mr. Smith was not in love, he was headed in the right direction. The third week seemed hardly begun ere it was finished, and he was gazen with disease with the was not in the was part of the was not in the was gun ere it was finished, and he was gaz-ing with dismay upon the unavoidable ending to his adventure. Another tele-gram announcing the exact date of the real Mr. Smith's return threw him into a momentary whirlwind of passion and de-"I will not give it up! I will not!" he

But things finally readjusted themselve to their normal condition, and Mr Smith "I have had my taste of high life, and it has been perfect," he soliloquized, "and the only thing to do now is to gain some lasting benefit from it, a sort of interest on my money, as it were."

Circletown was an old little town, and

ithin its narrow limits treasured many Family priceless ancestral heirlooms. Family relics were its great distinction, and chief among these was silver. Every housewife recognized in society had her Dutch or English, or French, or German silverware, heavy with age and tradition. It is strange no one had thought of a silverware exhibit before Mr. Smith proposed one, but nobody had, and the idea was halled with delight.

hailed with delight
"Having proposed the plan, the very
least I can do," said Mr. Smith, "is to offer
for the exhibit the use of my house and As he owned many rare pieces of silver-ware himself, and the public at large was curious to see the interior of his new home, he was gratefully thanked, and the offer

Two evenings the exhibit lasted, and all Circletown turned out The affair was one of great social magnificance.
Under nodding palms the silverware re-Under nodding palms the silverware reposed upon rich velvets of ruby, green and gold. Subdued lights flung their rosy radiance upon gleaming statuary and soft strains of music throbbed through a bower of ferns and lilies. The host was irreproachable. With a dignified and reserved, yet cordial, welcome, he put all at their case, establishing for himself an enviable reputation. Such a social success had never before been known in Circletown. The real Mr. Smith was having a precedent established for him that he might find difficulty in living up to.

As was to be expected, Miss Lormer was the object of Mr. Smith's most marked attentions. The town had recognized this, and the feminine portion of it was honestly endeavoring to accept the fact

honestly endeavoring to accept the fact graciously.
"Now he will always live here," said

to attend to first. All over the house he went, upstairs and down, and not a single sound did he make. It was now that his great art showed itself. Bolts and bars opened like magic before the touch of his siender fingers, and after he had passed it was as though an army of strange anis had been at work. The walls and mantels, the cabinets, tables and floors were bare and unsightly. He had taken the precaution of having the silverware packed in small boxes, but even so, te found difficulty it loading it on the cart he had driven.

That one machine gon properly

and he returned Mr. Emley's survey with great interset. Noticing the exchange of glances, Miss Lormer turned to Mr. Emley, slightly embarrassed.

Allow ms to introduce to you. Mr. Smith, my flance.

Mr. Emley started and flushed. Quickly recovering himself, however, he bowed low to the stranger.

to the stranger.
"I congratulate you, sir."
"Thank you," murmured the "Yes," said Miss Lormer, refle leaning her head on one site and down at the revolver which she he hand and patted with the other. I met him in Paris, and we b gaged. I wanted a home here w born, so he bought. The Gran picked out the servants. That veren't known as an imposto had an accident, so I extended n New York, where I was waiting When I got here I was rather sur see you, you know," she looked in twinkle in her eye; "but you were good actor I hated to interfere. Of I had to tell Frank, but he always do just as I please, and here we She smiled triumphantly, having successfully gathered plenic party, and Mr. Smith ste

with the situation. It was hard that the gentlemanly Mr. Ecile common burglar, as indeed, be we "And now that we are here wh, going to do?" asked Mr. Emley His voice had a strange, unnatural sound that made Miss Lormer wince Perhaps her conscience was not entirely units as to her treatment of him. She s the revolver into a leather belt end her slender waist and held out her hand "I think," she said, gently, "you i

better go."

Mr. Emley bowed low over the little hand. He lifted his hat to Mr Smith, and, turning, walked away from them into the darkness. When he was far enough away to render conversation insudible, Miss Lormer called to him. "Wait a minute."

He stood in the darkness, waiting, and she fearlessly went up to him.
"I don't like to think of you going away"

Lawthing," she said. "here, take

She pulled a tea rose from her hair, thrust it into his hand, and ran back to

"Dick," said Mr. Emley to himself, "you have waked up

SEEING FRANCE FROM A BOAT. Two Americans Who Are Doing the Trick With a Small Steam Larget. From the Philadelphia Record

Two young Americans Charges P Herelork have just passed through Paris on a our which is as remarkable as it must b tractive. They are both art sts, who came France some three years since, and M denderson has, in addition, a distinct bent Desiring to see the real country of France

its peasantry and its out of the way books, they started off on a walking tour But that means of locomotion has its Very little baggage can be carrie even the easels and canvases being There was always a difficulty about nen and washing and so ns were not always of the cleanest, and ost was sometime and breakdow.

I same disadvantages, with the
lonal risks of panetures and breakdow.

Driving or automobiling was beyond
nearly. But Mr. Henderson happrood
lay to be required over a best yand o

gine
The proprietor, seeing Mr. Henderson inspecing the thing, said casually. You wan
have it for \$200.

Done, said Mr. Henderson, and the bargain was concluded on the spot. The little
engine was for a trifle put in order, a said of
awaing that could be completely closed so
as to make a waterproof tent was fixed up
in the fore part of the boat, and our try
artists started off to explore the waterways
of France.

No country in the world, save Holland.

Artists started off to explore the world of France.

No exuntry in the world, save Holland, is better pravided with canals and navigable rivers. The boat is the home of the two Americans. On it they have lived now for more than six months. There is just roof for a campic of mattresses, which in the day-time are kept under shelter, the awning coin a few minutes be made rain-proof, there is plenty of locker space for the stowage of baggage, and when the two are a bit time of their own cooking they splurge to the extent of a dinner at a riverside inn.

The little launch has beyer once failed them, and they have been able to run it for them.

old engine, but when you can jump over the side and have a swim that is no great disadvantage.

The country that can be visited by this means is astounding. One may go from Marseilles to Amsterdam without the least difficulty, the Ehine and the Seine being connected by canal. By such a journey one may follow the summer, so to speak, by starting from the Mediterrenean when it commences to get unpleasantly warm in April and coming into warm weather all the way until the North Sea is reached, where it is never too hot.

"Now he will always live here," said the matrons, wisely nodding their heads.
"If he had not failen in love with one of our girls, he would probably grow weary of so small a place, and return to Paris."

On the last evening of the exhibit, Mr. Smith escorted Miss Lormer to her home. In the little outside vestibule he took a hesitating farewell of her.

"Think the best you can of me always, he said." Although no man can be all a good woman thinks he is, still I would have been all I seem to be, had I always had the opportunities I have now."

Miss Lormer looked troubled and was about to speak impulsively when a slight cough was heard and blushing slightly, she said. "Good night!"

When Mr. Smith returned home, he found the servants busily packing up the silverware under the stern supervision of the trustworthy Jenkinson. Mr. Smith had expressed himself as disinclined to assume longer than was absolutely necessary the responsibility of the borrowed heirlooms and had made all arrangements for their return the next morning. It was very early the next morning when Mr. Smith arose. Indeed, it was still night. It was the day of the real owner's arrival and with the customary thoughtfulness for others, Mr. Emiley had decided to leave.

But there were several small matters to attend to first. All over the house he went, upstairs and down, and not a single sound did he make. It was now that his event was a become of the stead of the return the house he went, upstairs and down, and not a single sound did he make. It was now that his event and store the form the strend to first. All over the house he went, upstairs and down, and not a single sound did he make. It was now that his event and such as a proper is any shower the steam of the strend to first. All over the house he went, upstairs and down, and not a single sound did he make. It was now that his

One Machine Gun Equal to 200 Sides.

caution of having the silverware packed in small boxes, but even so, is found difficulty it loading it on the eart he had driven out upon the lawn. But at 2 o'clock the cart was filled. Climbing into the high sest and taking the reins he turned back toward the house and smiled.

The is a very cold day, Jenkinson, he said.

Then he clucked softly to the horse and began his journey. It was a very little journey. The horse had not taken ten steps before some one stepped out from the shadows and caught hold of the bridle rein. Mr Emley sprang to his feet, only to find himself looking into the barrel of a revolver.

The gour pardon, said a soft voice but could I speak to you for a few moments?

For the first time in his life Mr Emley was stunned, helpless, at the mercy of his opponent. The voice was that of Miss Learner.

If you will get down from the cart, she said, I will put this gun away. I am a very good shot, and she laughed.

For the first time in his sign away. I am a very good shot, and she laughed.

Fatath Gored by a Carrel

From the Indicements, with EVANAVILLE, Ind. Aug. 18. A age Edward Ash of New Harroot-ing in White River. He recipies weighing severity pentude and in in-file water one of the house.